THE POET'S Complaint of his Muſe; OR, A SATYR Againſt LIBELLS. A Poem.

By *Thomas Otway.*

Si quid habent veri vatum præſagia, vivam.

LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Norman*, at the *Pope's Head* in *Fleetſtreet* near *Salisbury-Court*. 1680.

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TO

The Right Honourable

THOMAS

Earl of Offory,

BARON of MOOR-PARKE,

Knight of the most noble Order of the GARTER, &c.

My LORD,

THough never any man had more need of excuse for a presumption of this nature, then I have now; yet when I have laid out every way to find one, your Lordships goodness must be my best refuge, and therefore I humbly cast this at your feet for protection; and my self for pardon.

My Lord, I have great need of protection, for to the best of my heart I have here published in some measure the truth, and I would have

it thought honestly too, (a practice never more out of countenance then now) yet Truth and Honour are things your Lordship must needs be kind to, because they are Relations to your nature and never left you.

'Twould be a second presumption in me to pretend in this a Panegyrick on your Lordship; for it would require more art to doe your Vertue justice, then to flatter any other man.

If I have ventured at a hint of the present sufferings of that great Prince mentioned in the latter end of this paper, with favour from your Lordship I hope to add a second part and doe all those Great and Good men Justice, that have in his Calamities stuck fast to so gallant a Friend and so good a Master. To write and finish which great Subject faithfully, and to be honoured with your Lordships patronage, in what I may do, and your aprobation or at least pardon, in what I have done, will be the greatest pride of

(My Lord)

Your most humble Admirer and Servant,

Thomas Otway.

THE POET'S Complaint of his Muſe; OR, A SATYR Againſt LIBELLS.

ODE.

TO a high Hill where never yet ſtood Tree,
Where onely Heath, courſe Fern and Furzes grow,
Where (nipt by piercing Air)
The Flocks in tatter'd Fleeces hardly graze,
Led by uncouth Thoughts and Care,
Which did too much his penſive mind amaze,
A wandring Bard, whoſe Muſe was crazy grown,
Cloy'd with the nauſeous Follies of the buzzing Town,
Came, lookt about him, ſigh'd, and laid him down.

'Twas far from any Path, but where the Earth
Was bare, and naked all as at her Birth,
When by the Word it first was made,
Er'e God had said,
Let Grass and Herbs and every green thing grow,
With fruitfull Trees after their kind; and it was so.
The whistling Winds blew fiercely round his Head,
Cold was his Lodging, hard his Bed;
Aloft his Eyes on the wide Heav'ns he cast,
Where we are told Peace onely's found at last:
And as he did its hopeless distance see,
Sigh'd deep, and cri'd, How far is Peace from me?

2.

Nor ended there his Moan:
The distance of his future Joy
Had been enough to give him Pain alone;
But who can undergo
Despair of Ease to come, with weight of present Woe?
Down his afflicted Face
The trickling Tears had stream'd so fast a pace,
As left a path worn by their briny race.
Swoln was his Breast with Sighs, his well-
Proportion'd Limbs as useless fell,
Whilst the poor Trunk (unable to sustain
It self) lay rackt, and shaking with its Pain.
I heard his Groans as I was walking by,
And (urg'd by pity) went aside, to see
What the sad cause could be
Had press'd his State so low, and rais'd his Plaints so high.
On me he fixt his Eyes. I crav'd,
Why so forlorn? He vainly rav'd.
Peace to his mind I did commend.
But, oh! my words were hardly at an end,
When I perceiv'd it was my Friend,

My

My much-lov'd Friend: ſo down I ſate,
And begg'd that I might ſhare his Fate:
I lay'd my Cheek to his, when with a Gale
Of Sighs he eas'd his Breaſt, and thus began his Tale.

3.

I am a Wretch of honeſt Race:
My Parents not obſcure, nor high in Titles were;
They left me Heir to no Diſgrace.
My Father was (a thing now rare)
Loyall and brave, my Mother chaſt and fair.
Their pledge of Marriage-vows was onely I;
Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd fondled Boy:
They gave me generous Education, high
They ſtrove to raiſe my Mind, and with it grew their Joy.
The Sages that inſtructed me in Arts
And Knowledge oft would praiſe my Parts,
And chear my Parents longing hearts.
When I was call'd to a Diſpute,
My fellow-Pupills oft ſtood mute:
Yet never Envy did disjoin
Their hearts from me, nor Pride diſtemper mine.
Thus my firſt years in Happineſs I paſt,
Nor any bitter cup did taſt:
But, oh! a deadly Potion came at laſt.
As I lay looſely on my bed,
A thouſand pleaſant Thoughts triumphing in my Head,
And as my Senſe on the rich Banquet fed,
A Voice (it ſeem'd no more, ſo buſy I
Was with my ſelf, I ſaw not who was nigh)
Pierc'd through my Ears; Ariſe, thy good *Senander*'s dead.
It ſhook my Brain, and from their Feaſt my frighted Senſes fled.

4.

From thence ſad Diſcontent, uneaſy Fears,
And anxious Doubts of what I had to do,
Grew with ſucceeding Years.
The World was wide, but whither ſhould I go?

I, whoſe blooming Hopes all wither'd were,
Who'd little Fortune, and a deal of Care?
To *Britain*'s great Metropolis I ſtray'd,
Where Fortune's generall Game is play'd;
Where Honeſty and Wit are often prais'd,
But Fools and Knaves are fortunate and rais'd.
My forward Spirit prompted me to find
A Converſe equall to my Mind:
But by raw Judgement eaſily miſs-led,
(As giddy callow Boys
Are very fond of Toys)
I miſt the brave and wiſe, and in their ſtead
On every ſort of Vanity I fed.
Gay Coxcombs, Cowards, Knaves, and prating Fools,
Bullies of o're-grown Bulks, and little Souls,
Gameſters, Half-wits, and Spendthrifts, (ſuch as think
Miſchievous midnight Frollicks bred by Drink
Are Gallantry and Wit,
Becauſe to their lewd Underſtandings fit)
Were thoſe wherewith two years at leaſt I ſpent,
To all their fulſome Follies moſt incorrigibly bent:
Till at the laſt, my ſelf more to abuſe,
I grew in love with a deceitfull Muſe.

5.

No fair Deceiver ever us'd ſuch Charms,
T'enſnare a tender Youth, and win his Heart:
Or when ſhe had him in her Arms,
Secur'd his love with greater Art.
I fanſy'd, or I dream'd, (as Poets always do)
No Beauty with my Muſe's might compare.
Lofty ſhe ſeem'd, and on her Front ſate a majeſtick Ayr,
Awfull, yet kind; ſevere, yet fair.
Upon her Head a Crown ſhe bore
Of Laurell, which ſhe told me ſhould be mine:
And round her Ivory Neck ſhe wore
A Rope of largeſt Pearl. Each part of her did ſhine

With

With Jewells and with Gold
Numberless to be told;
Which in Imagination as I did behold,
And lov'd, and wonder'd more and more,
Said she, These Riches all, my Darling, shall be thine,
Riches which never Poet had before.
She promis'd me to raise my fortune and my name,
By Royall Favour, and by endless Fame;
But never told
How hard they were to get, and difficult to hold.
Thus by the Arts of this most sly
Deluder was I caught;
To her bewitching Bondage brought.
Eternall Constancy we swore,
A thousand times our Vows were doubled o're.
And as we did in our Entrancements lie,
I thought no Pleasure e're was wrought so high,
No Pair so happy as my Muse and I.

6.

Ne'r was young Lover half so fond
When first his Pusillage he lost,
Or could of half my Pleasure boast.
We never met but we enjoy'd,
Still transported, never cloy'd.
Chambers, Closets, Fields and Groves,
Bore witness of our daily Loves;
And on the bark of every Tree
You might the Marks of our Endearments see.
Distichs, Posies, and the pointed Bits
Of Satyr, (written when a Poet meets
His Muse in Catterwauling fits)
You might on every Rinde behold, and swear
I and my *Clio* had been at it there.

Nay, by my Muſe too I was bleſt
With Off-ſprings of the choiceſt kinds,
Such as have pleas'd the nobleſt minds,
And been approv'd by Judgements of the beſt.
But in this moſt tranſporting height,
Whence I lookt down, and laught at Fate,
All of a ſudden I was alter'd grown;
I round me lookt, and found my ſelf alone:
My faithleſs Muſe, my faithleſs Muſe was gone.
I try'd if I a Verſe could frame:
Oft I in vain invok'd my *Clio*'s name.
The more I ſtrove, the more I fail'd.
I chaf'd, I bit my Pen, curſt my dull Scull, and rail'd,
Reſolv'd to force m'untoward Thought, and at the laſt prevail'd.
A Line came forth, but ſuch a one,
No trav'ling Matron in her Child-birth pains,
Full of the joyfull Hopes to bear a Son,
Was more aſtoniſht at th' unlookt-for ſhape
Of ſome deform'd Baboon, or Ape,
Then I was at the hideous Iſſue of my Brains.
I tore my Paper, ſtabb'd my Pen,
And ſwore I'd never write agen,
Reſolv'd to be a doating Fool no more.
But when my reck'ning I began to make,
I found too long I'd ſlept, and was too late awake;
I found m'ungratefull Muſe, for whoſe falſe ſake
I did my ſelf undo,
Had robb'd me of my deareſt Store,
My precious Time, my Friends, and Reputation too;
And left me helpleſs, friendleſs, very proud, and poor.

7.

Reaſon, which in baſe Bonds my Folly had enthrall'd,
I ſtrait to Council call'd;
Like ſome old faithfull Friend, whom long ago

I had

I had caſheer'd, to pleaſe my flatt'ring Fair.
To me with readineſs he did repair;
Expreſt much tender chearfulneſs, to find
Experience had reſtor'd him to my Mind;
And loyally did to me ſhow,
How much himſelf he did abuſe,
Who credited a flattering, falſe, deſtructive, treacherous Muſe.
I askt the cauſes why. He ſaid,
'Twas never known a Muſe e're ſtaid
When Fortune fled; for Fortune is a Bawd
To all the Nine that on *Parnaſſus* dwell,
Where thoſe ſo fam'd, delightfull Fountains ſwell
Of Poetry, which there does ever flow;
And where Wit's luſty, ſhining God
Keeps his choice *Seraglio*.
So whilſt our Fortune ſmiles, our Thoughts aſpire,
Pleaſure and Fame's our buſ'neſs, and deſire.
Then, too, if we find
A promptneſs in the Mind,
The Muſe is always ready, always kind.
But if th'old Harlot Fortune once denies
Her favour, all our Pleaſure and rich Fancy dies,
And then th'yong, ſlippery Jilt, the Muſe too from us flies.

8.

To the whole Tale I gave Attention due;
And as right ſearch into my ſelf I made,
I found all he had ſaid
Was very honeſt, very true.
Oh how I hugg'd my welcom Friend!
And much my Muſe I could not diſcommend;
For I ne'r liv'd in Fortune's grace,
She always turn'd her Back, and fled from me apace,
And never once vouchſaf'd to let me ſee her Face.
Then to confirm me more,

He

He drew the veil of Dotage from my eyes:
See here, my Son, (ſaid he) the valu'd Prize;
Thy fulſome Muſe behold, be happy, and be wiſe.
I lookt, and ſaw the rampant, tawdry Quean,
With a more horrid Train
Then ever yet to Satyr lent a Tale,
Or haunted *Chloris* in the Mall.
The firſt was he who ſtunk of that rank Verſe
In which he wrote his *Sodom* Farce;
A Wretch whom old Diſeaſes did ſo bite,
That he writ Bawdry ſure in ſpight,
To ruin and diſgrace it quite.
Philoſophers of old did ſo expreſs
Their Art, and ſhew'd it in their Naſtineſs.
Next him appear'd that blundring Sot
Who a late *Seſſion of the Poets* wrote.
Nature has markt him for a heavy Fool;
By's flat broad Face you'l know the Owl.
The other Birds have hooted him from light;
Much buffeting has made him love the Night,
And onely in the dark he ſtrays;
Still Wretch enough to live, with worſe Fools ſpends his days,
And for old Shoes and Scraps repeats dull Plays.
Then next there follow'd, to make up the Throng,
Lord Lampoon and *Monſieur Song*,
Who ſought her love, and promis'd for't
To make her famous at the Court.
The *City Poet* too was there,
In a black Sattin Cap and his own Hair,
And begg'd that he might have the Honour
To beget a *Pageant* on her
For the City's next *Lord Mayor*.
Her Favours ſhe to none deny'd:
They took her all by turns aſide.

Till

Till at the last up in the rear there came
The Poets Scandall, and the Muses Shame,
A Beast of Monstrous guise, and *LIBELL* was his name.
But let me pause, for 'twill ask time to tell
How he was born, how bred and where, and where he now does dwell.

9.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his Tale.
Down in an obscure Vale,
'Midst Fogs and Fens, whence Mists and Vapours rise,
Where never Sun was seen by eyes,
Under a desart Wood,
Which no man own'd, but all wild Beasts were bred,
And kept their horrid Dens, by prey far forrag'd fed,
An ill-pil'd Cottage stood,
Built of mens Bones slaughter'd in Civill War,
By Magick Art brought thither from a far.
There liv'd a widow'd *Witch*,
That us'd to mumble Curses eve and morn,
Like one whom Wants and Care had worn;
Meagre her Looks, and sunk her Eyes,
Yet Mischiefs study'd, Discords did devise.
Sh' appeared humble, but it was her Pride:
Slow in her Speech, in semblance sanctifi'd.
Still when she spoke she meant another way;
And when she curst, she seem'd to pray.
Her hellish Charms had all a holy dress,
And bore the name of *Godliness*.
All her Familiars seem'd the Sons of Peace.
Honest habits they all wore,
In outward show most lamb-like and divine:
But inward of all Vices they had store,
Greedy as Wolves, and sensuall too as Swine.
Like Her, the Sacred Scriptures They had all by heart,
Most easily could quote, and turn to any part,

Backward repeat it all, as Witches Prayers do,
And for their turn, interpret backward too.
Idolatry with Her was held impure,
Becauſe beſides Her ſelf no Idol ſhe'd endure.
Though not to paint, ſh'ad arts to change the Face,
And alter it in Heav'nly faſhion.
Lewd *Whining* ſhe defin'd a *mark of Grace*,
And making *Ugly faces* was *Mortification*.
Her late dead Pander was of well-known fame,
Old *Preſbyter Rebellion* was his name:
She a ſworn Foe to *KING*, his Peace, and Laws,
So will be ever, and was call'd (bleſs us!) *THE GOOD OLD CAUSE.*

10.

A Time there was, (a ſad one too)
When all things wore the face of Woe,
When many Horrors rag'd in this our Land,
And a *deſtroying Angel* was ſent down,
To ſcourge the Pride of this Rebellious Town.
He came, and o're all *Britain* ſtretcht his conqu'ring hand:
Till in th'untrodden Streets unwholſom Graſs
Grew of great ſtalk, its Colour groſs,
And melancholick pois'nous green;
Like thoſe courſe ſickly Weeds on an old Dunghill ſeen,
Where ſome Murrain-murther'd Hog,
Poiſon'd Cat, or ſtrangled Dog,
In rottenneſs had long unburied laid,
And the cold Soil productive made.
Birds of ill Omen hover'd in the Air,
And by their Cries bade us for Graves prepare;
And, as our Deſtiny they ſeem'd t'unfold,
Dropt dead of the ſame fate they had foretold.
That dire Commiſſion ended, down there came
Another *Angel* with a *Sword of Flame*:

Deſo-

Deſolation ſoon he made,
And our new *Sodom* low in Aſhes laid.
Diſtractions and Diſtruſts then did amongſt us riſe,
When, in her pious old Diſguiſe,
This *Witch* with all her Miſchief-making Train
Began to ſhew her ſelf again.
The Sons of old *Rebellion* ſtrait ſhe ſummon'd all;
Strait They were ready at her call:
Once more th'old Bait before their eyes ſhe caſt.
That and her Love they long'd to taſt;
And to her Luſt ſhe drew them all at laſt.
So *Reuben* (we may read of heretofore)
Was led aſtray, and had pollution with his Father's Whore.

II.

The better to conceal her lewd intent
In ſafety from obſerving eyes,
Th'old Strumpet did her ſelf diſguiſe
In comely Weeds, and to the City went,
Affected Truth, much Modeſty, and Grace,
And (like a worn-out-Suburb-Trull) paſt there for a new Face.
Thither all her Lovers flockt,
And there for her ſupport ſhe found
A Wight, of whom Fame's Trumpet much does ſound,
With all Ingredients for his bus'neſs ſtockt,
Not unlike him whoſe Story has a place
In th'Annals of Sir *Hudibras*.
Of all her bus'neſs He took care,
And every Knave or Fool that to her did repair,
Had by him admittance there.
By his contrivance to her did reſort
All who had been diſguſted at the Court.
Thoſe whoſe Ambition had been croſt,
Or by ill manners had Preferments loſt,

Were those on whom she practis'd most her Charms,
Lay neareſt to her Heart, and oft'neſt in her Arms.
Int'reſt in every Faction, every Sect she sought;
And to her Lure, flatt'ring their hopes, she brought
All those who uſe Religion for a Faſhion.
All ſuch as practiſe Forms, and take great pains
To make their *Godlineſs* their *Gains*,
And thrive by the Diſtractions of a Nation,
She by her Art enſnar'd, and fetter'd in her Chains.
Through her the Atheiſt hop'd to purchaſe *Toleration*,
The Rebell *Pow'r*, the beggar'd Spend-thrift *Lands*,
Out of the *King's* or *Biſhop's* hands.
Nay, to her ſide at laſt she drew in all the rude,
Ungovernable, headlong Multitude:
Promis'd ſtrange *Liberties*, and ſure Redreſs
Of never-felt, unheard-of *Grievances:*
Pamper'd their Follies, and indulg'd their Hopes,
With *May-day*-Routs, *November* Squibs, and burning *Paſt-board Popes.*

12.

With her in common Luſt did mingle all the Crew,
Till at the laſt she pregnant grew,
And from her womb, in little time, brought forth
This monſtrous, moſt deteſted *Birth.*
Of Children born with Teeth w'ave heard,
And ſome like Comets with a Beard;
Which ſeem'd to be fore-runners of dire Change:
But never hitherto was ſeen,
Born from a *Wapping* Drab, or *Shoreditch* Quean,
A Form like this ſo hideous and ſo ſtrange.
To help whoſe Mother in her Pains, there came
Many a well-known Dame.
The Bawd *Hypocriſy* was there,
And Madam *Impudence* the fair:

Dame

Dame *Scandall* with her ſquinting Eyes,
That loves to ſet good Neighbours at debate,
And raiſe Commotions in a jealous State,
Was there, and *Malice* Queen of far-ſpred Lies,
With all their Train of *Frauds* and *Forgeries*.
But Midwife *Mutiny*, that buſy Drab,
That's always talking, always loud,
Was ſhe that firſt took up the Babe,
And of the office moſt was proud.
Behold its Head of horrid form appears:
To ſpight the Pillory, it had no Ears.
When ſtrait the Bawd cry'd out, 'twas ſurely kin
To the bleſt Family of *Pryn*.
But *Scandall* offer'd to depoſe her word,
Or oath, the Father was a Lord.
The Noſe was ugly, long, and big,
Broad, and ſnowty like a Pig;
Which ſhew'd he would in Dunghills love to dig;
Love to caſt ſtinking Satyrs up in ill-pil'd Rymes,
And live by the Corruptions of unhappy Times.

13.

They promis'd all turns to take him,
And a hopefull Youth to make him.
To nurſe he ſtrait was ſent
To a *Siſter-witch*, though of another ſort,
One who profeſt no good, nor any meant:
All day ſhe practis'd Charms, by night ſhe hardly ſlept,
Yet in the outcaſts of a Northern factious Town,
A little ſmoaky Manſion of her own,
Where her Familiars to her did reſort,
A Cell ſhe kept.
Hell ſhe ador'd, and Satan was her God;
And many an ugly loathſom Toad

Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd.
Under her Roof all dismall, black, and smoak'd,
Harbour'd Beetles, and unwholsom Bats,
Sprawling nests of little Cats;
All which were Imps she cherisht with her blood,
To make her Spells succeed and good.
Still at her rivell'd Breasts they hung, when e're mankind she curst,
And with these Foster-brethren was our *Monster* nurst.
In little Time the Hell-bred Brat
Grew plump and fat,
Without his Leading-strings could walk,
And (as the Sorceress taught him) talk.
At sev'n years old he went to School,
Where first he grew a foe to Rule.
Never would he learn as taught,
But still new Ways affected, and new Methods sought.
Not that he wanted parts
T'improve in Letters, and proceed to Arts;
But as negligent as sly,
Of all Perverseness brutishly was full,
(By Nature idle) lov'd to shift and lie,
And was obstinately dull.
Till spight of Nature, through great pains, the Sot,
(And th'Influence of th'ill Genius of our Land)
At last in part began to understand.
Some insight in the *Latin* Tongue he got;
Could smatter pretty well, and write too a plain hand.
For which his Guardians all thought fit,
In Compliment to his most hopefull Wit,
He should be sent to learn the Laws,
And out of the *good old* to raise a damn'd *new Cause*.

14.

In which the better to improve his Mind,
As by nature he was bent
To search in hidden paths, and things long buried find,
A Wretche's Converse much he did frequent:

One

One who this World, as that did Him, disown'd,
And in an unfrequented Corner, where
Nothing was pleasant, hardly healthfull found,
He led his hated life.
Needy, and ev'n of Necessaries bare,
No Servant had he, Children, Friend, or Wife:
But of a little remnant, got by Fraud,
(For all ill turns he lov'd, all good detested, and believ'd no God)
Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded Groat,
With which of Beggars Scraps he bought.
Then from a neighb'ring Fountain Water got,
Not to be clean, but slake his Thirst.
He never blest himself, and all things else he curst.
The Cell in which he (though but seldom) slept,
Lay like a Den, uncleans'd, unswept:
And there those Jewells which he lov'd, he kept;
Old worn-out Statutes, and Records
Of *Commons Priviledges*, and the *Rights of Lords*.
But bound up by themselves with care were laid
All the *Acts*, *Resolves*, and *Orders* made
By the old *Long Rump-Parliament*,
Through all the Changes of its Government:
From which with readiness he could debate
Concerning Matters of the State,
All down from *Goodly Forty one* to *Horrid Forty eight*.

15.

His Friendship much our *Monster* sought
By Instinct, and by Inclination too:
So without much ado
They were together brought.
To him Obedience *Libell* swore, and by him was he taught.
He learnt of him all Goodness to detest;
To be asham'd of no Disgrace;
In all things but Obedience to be Beast;
To hide a Coward's Heart, and show a hardy Face.

He

He taught him to call Government a Clog,
But to bear Beatings like a Dog:
T'ave no Religion, Honesty, or Sense,
But to *profess* them all for a Pretence.
Fraught with these Moralls, he began
To compleat him more for Man:
Distinguisht to him in an hour
'Twixt *Legislative*, and *Judicial* power;
How to frame a *Commonwealth*,
And *Democracy*, by stealth;
To palliate it at first, and Cry
'Twas but a *Well-mixt Monarchy*,
And *Treason Salus Populi*;
Into Rebellion to divide the Nation,
By fair *Committees of Association*;
How by a lawfull means to bring
In Arms against himself the *KING*,
With a distinguishing old Trick,
'Twixt persons *Naturall*, and *Politick*;
How to make faithfull *Servants Traitours*
Through-pac'd *Rebells Legislators*,
And at last, *Troupers Adjutators*.
Thus well inform'd, and furnisht with enough
Of such like wordy, canting Stuff,
Our Blade set forth, and quickly grew
A Leader in a factious Crew.
Where e're he came, 'twas he first silence broke,
And swell'd with every word he spoke.
By which becoming sawcy Grace,
He gain'd Authority and Place:
By many for Preferments was thought fit,
For talking Treason without Fear or Wit;
For opening Failings in the State;
For loving noisy and unsound Debate,
And wearing of a Mysticall green Ribband in his Hat.

16.

Thus, like *Alcides* in his Lion's skin,
He very dreadfull grew.
But, like that *Hercules* when Love crept in,
And th'Hero to his Diſtaff drew,
His foes that found him ſaw he was but Man:
So when my faithleſs *Clio* by her Snare
Had brought him to her Arms, and I ſurpriz'd him there,
At once to hate and ſcorn him I began;
To ſee how fooliſhly th'ad dreſt,
And for diverſion trickt the Beaſt.
He was Poetry all o're,
On ev'ry ſide, behind, before:
About him nothing could I ſee,
But particolour'd Poetry.
Painter's Advices, *Letanies*,
Ballads, and all the ſpurious exceſs
Of ills that Malice could deviſe,
Or ever ſwarm'd from a licentious Preſs,
Hung round about him like a Spell:
And in his own hand too was writ,
That worthy piece of modern Wit,
The Countrey's late *Appeal*.
But from ſuch Ills when will our wretched State
Be freed? and who ſhall cruſh this Serpent's head?
'Tis ſaid, we may in Ancient Legends read
Of a huge Dragon, ſent by Fate
To lay a ſinfull Kingdom waſt:
So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he paſt,
And each day with a Virgin broke his faſt.
Till wretched Matrons curſt their Wombs,
So hardly was their loſs endur'd:
The Lovers all deſpair'd, and ſought their Tombs
In the ſame Monſter's Jaws, and of their Pains were cur'd.

Till, like our *Monſter* too, and with the ſame
Curſt ends, to the Metropolis he came.
His Cruelties renew'd again,
And every day a Maid was ſlain.
The Curſe through ev'ry Family had paſt,
When to the Sacrifice at laſt
Th'unhappy Monarch's onely Child muſt bow:
A *Royall Daughter* needs muſt ſuffer then, a *ROYALL BRO-*
THER now.

17.

On Him this Dragon *Libell* needs will prey;
On Him has caſt
His ſordid Venom, and prophan'd
With ſpurious Verſe his ſpotleſs Fame,
Which ſhall for ever ſtand
Unblemiſht, and to Ages laſt,
When all his Foes lie buried in their Shame.
Elſe tell me why (ſome Prophet that is wiſe)
Heav'n took ſuch care
To make Him every thing that's rare,
Dear to the Heart, deſirous to the Eyes.
Why do all Good men bleſs Him as he goes?
Why at his preſence ſhrink his Foes?
Why do the Brave all ſtrive his Honour to defend?
Why through the World is he diſtinguiſht moſt
By Titles, which but few can boaſt,
A moſt *Juſt Maſter*, and a *Faithfull Friend?*
One who never yet did wrong
To high or low, to old or young?
Of Him what Orphan can complain?
Of Him what Widdow make her Moan?
But ſuch as wiſh Him here again,
And miſs his Goodneſs now He's gone.
If this be (as I am ſure 'tis) true,
Then prithee, Prophet, tell me too,
Why

Why lives He in the World's Eſteem,
Not one man's Foe? and why then are not all men Friends with (Him?

18.

When e're his Life was ſet at ſtake
For his ungratefull Country's ſake,
What Dangers or what Labours did He ever ſhun?
Or what Wonders has not done?
Watchfull all night, and buſy all the day,
(Spreading his Fleet in ſight of *Holland*'s ſhore)
Triumphantly ye ſaw his Flags and Streamers play.
Then did the *Engliſh* Lion roar,
Whilſt the *Belgian* couchant lay.
Big with the thoughts of Conqueſt and Renown,
Of *Britain*'s Honour, and his own,
To them He like a threat'ning Comet ſhin'd,
Rough as the Sea, and furious as the Wind:
But Conſtant as the Stars that never move;
Or as Women would have Love.
The trembling Genius of their State
Lookt out, and ſtraight ſhrunk back his head,
To ſee our daring Banners ſpread.
Whilſt in their Harbours they
Like Batten'd Monſters weltring lay:
The Winds, when Ours th'ad kiſs'd, ſcorn'd with their Flags to (play.
But drooping like their Captains hearts,
Each Pendant, every Streamer hung.
The Seamen ſeem'd t'have loſt their Arts.
Their Ships at Anchor now, of which w'had heard them boaſt,
With ill-furl'd ſails, and Rattlings looſe, by every Billow toſt,
Lay like neglected Harps, unrun'd, unſtrung;
Till at the laſt, provok'd with Shame,
Forth from their Dens the baited Foxes came:

Foxes in Council, and in Fight too Grave;
Seldom true and now not brave.
They bluſter'd out the day with ſhew of Fight,
And ran away in the good-natur'd Night.

19.

A bloudy Battel next was fought,
And then in Triumph home a welcom Fleet He brought,
With Spoils of Victory, and Glory fraught.
To Him then every heart was open, down
From the Great man to the Clown;
In Him rejoic'd, to Him enclin'd:
And as his Health round the glad Board did paſs,
Each honeſt fellow cry'd, Fill full my glaſs;
And ſhew'd the fulneſs of his Mind.
No diſcontented Vermin of ill Times
Durſt then affront him but in ſhow;
Nor *Libell* daſh Him with his dirty Rhymes:
Nor may he live in peace that does it now.
And whoſe Heart would not wiſh ſo too
That had but ſeen
When his tumultuous miſled Foes
Againſt Him roſe,
With what Heroick grace
He choſe the weight of wrong to undergo?
No tempeſt on his Brow, unalter'd in his Face,
True witneſs of the Innocence within.
But when the Meſſengers did Mandates bring
For his retreat to Foreign Land,
Since ſent from the relenting hand
Of the moſt *Loving BROTHER, Kindeſt KING*;
If in his heart Regret did riſe,
It never ſcapt his Tongue or Eyes:
With ſteady Vertue 'twas allay'd,
And *like a mighty Conqu'rour He obey'd.*

20.

It was a dark and gloomy Day,
Sad as the Buſ'neſs, ſullen too,
As proud men, when in Vain they woo,
Or Soldiers cheated of their pay.
The Court, where Pleaſures us'd to flow,
Became the ſcene of Mourning, and of Woe.
Deſolate was every Room,
Where men for News and Buſ'neſs us'd to come.
With folded Arms and down-caſt Eyes men walkt,
In corners and with caution talkt.
All things prepar'd, the Hour grew near
When He muſt part: his laſt ſhort Time was ſpent
In leaving Bleſſings on his Children dear.
To them with eager Haſt and Love he went:
The Eldeſt firſt embrac'd,
As new-born Day in Beauty bright,
But ſad in Mind as deepeſt Night.
What tendreſt Hearts could ſay, betwixt them paſt;
Till Grief too cloſe upon them crept:
So ſighing He withdrew, She turn'd away and wept.
Much of the Father in his Breaſt did riſe,
When on the next he fixt his Eyes,
A tender Infant in the Nurſe's Arms,
Full of kind play, and pretty Charms.
And as to give the Farewell kiſs He near it drew,
About his manly neck two little Arms it threw;
Smil'd in his Eyes, as if it begg'd his Stay;
And lookt kind things it could not ſay.

21.

But the great pomp of Grief was yet to come.
Th'appointed Time was almoſt paſt,
Th'impatient Tides knockt at the Shore, and bid him haſt
To ſeek a Foreign Home.
The Summons He reſolv'd t'obey;
Diſdaining of his Sufferings to complain,
Though every ſtep ſeem'd trod with pain;
So forth He came, attended on his way
By a ſad lamenting Throng,
That bleſt him and about him hung.
A weight his generous Heart could hardly bear,
But for the Comfort that was near,
His Beauteous MATE, the Fountain of his Joys,
That fed his Soul with Love;
The cordiall that can mortall Pains remove,
To which all worldly Bleſſings elſe are Toys.
I ſaw Them ready for departure ſtand,
Juſt when approach'd the *MONARCH* of our Land,
And took the charming *Mourner* by the hand.
T'expreſs all nobleſt Offices he ſtrove,
Of *Royall Goodneſs*, and a *Brother's Love*,
Then down to the Shore ſide,
Where, to convey Them, did two Royall Barges ride,
With ſolemn pace They paſt:
And there ſo tenderly embrac'd,
All griev'd by ſympathy to ſee Them part,
And their kind Pains touch'd each By-ſtander's heart.
Then hand in hand the pity'd Pair
Turn'd round, to face their Fate:
She ev'n amidſt Afflictions *Fair*;
He, though oppreſt, ſtill *Great*.
Into th'expecting Boat with haſt They went;
Where, as the troubled *Fair one* to the Shore ſome wiſhes ſent,

For

For that dear Pledge ſh'ad left behind,
And as her Paſſion grew too mighty for her Mind,
She of ſome Tears her Eyes beguil'd;
Which, as upon her Cheek they lay,
The happy *Hero* kiſt away,
And, as She wept, bluſht with Diſdain, and ſmil'd.
Straight forth They launch into the high-ſwoln *Thames*:
The well-ſtruck Oars lave up the yielding Streams.
All fixt their longing Eyes, and wiſhing ſtood,
Till they were got into the wider Flood;
Till leſſen'd out of ſight, and ſeen no more:
Then ſigh'd, and turn'd into the hated Shore.

THE END.